

# LAST EDITION WHO'LL STOP HIM?

The London Police Powerless Against Jack the Ripper.

He Does His Work While Constables Come and Go.

"Absolutely No Clue" Is Again the Official Confession.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
LONDON, July 18.—Who will stop Jack the Ripper?

At present it looks as if Jack himself were the only man who can accomplish that end. Constables come and constables go in the Whitechapel district, and there is little interval between; but into that interval Jack manages to slip, and when the constables come back from the end of his beat there is the bloody reminder of the murderer's visit lying, still warm, on a spot which the officer's feet had pressed ten minutes before.

This is the case in regard to the murder of Tuesday night.

The officer almost stumbled over the evidence of fresh crime, but the criminal had made his escape so sure the here, as before, when Jack has been at work, the police have to acknowledge that they are absolutely without clues.

"It would seem as if that would make them," say the people, after the discovery of each fresh horror, and it would seem so, indeed; but there is only a little sloughish stir, expressing more of annoyance than of determination that they will find the criminal, and then everything lapses and the Ripper can begin again when he is ready.

Alice Mackenzie, alias Kelly, the choring woman who is the latest victim of the fiend-like, was not one of the worst of the Whitechapel women, though she possessed some of the tendencies of that class.

She drank some, but is said not to have been drunk when last seen before her death. She made advances to strangers, and in this way, undoubtedly, found the man who eventually became her murderer.

While her body was mutilated after the same general fashion as those of the previous victims it was evident that the murderer had been hindered, or interrupted, so that he was not able to fully complete his work.

Somebody who was so slight as to suggest that the knife had slipped in a hurried motion, or that the instrument was too dull for the purpose of the assassin.

Last day the body was found, in one of the myriad little byways which are scattered through Whitechapel. It is shunned by most people at night, being narrow, dark and choked with trucks and carts left there at the close of the day's business.

Staffords ample concealment for any evil-doer.

It is within a stone's throw of points which have been stained by the blood of other victims in the horrible series of Whitechapel crimes.

**BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.**

National League.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Boston	42	33	100
New York	38	37	93
Pittsburgh	35	40	86
Cleveland	31	44	79
Philadelphia	28	47	72
St. Louis	25	50	65
Chicago	22	53	58
San Francisco	19	56	51
Washington	16	59	44
Atlanta	13	62	37
Indianapolis	10	65	30
St. Paul	7	68	23
Portland	4	71	16
Buffalo	1	74	9

American Association.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
St. Louis	31	33	100
Brooklyn	28	36	93
Indianapolis	25	39	86
Cincinnati	22	42	79
Pittsburgh	19	45	72
Washington	16	48	65
St. Paul	13	51	58
Chicago	10	54	51
San Francisco	7	57	44
Portland	4	60	37
Buffalo	1	63	30

Atlantic Association.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Wilmington	28	30	100
Richmond	25	33	93
Roanoke	22	36	86
Fredericksburg	19	39	79
Warrenton	16	42	72
Hamlet	13	45	65
Waynesboro	10	48	58
Greensboro	7	51	51
High Point	4	54	44
Asheboro	1	57	37

A Year Ago To-Day.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Chicago	41	23	100
Boston	38	26	93
New York	35	23	86
Pittsburgh	32	20	79
Cleveland	29	17	72
Philadelphia	26	14	65
St. Louis	23	11	58
San Francisco	20	8	51
Washington	17	5	44
Atlanta	14	2	37
Indianapolis	11	0	30
St. Paul	8	0	23
Portland	5	0	16
Buffalo	2	0	9

Baseball To-Day.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Indianapolis	1	0	100
Chicago at New York	0	0	93
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia	0	0	86
Cleveland at Washington	0	0	79
Atlanta at Brooklyn	0	0	72
Baltimore at Columbus	0	0	65
St. Louis at Cincinnati	0	0	58
Kansas City at Louisville	0	0	51
New Haven at Jersey City	0	0	44
Hartford at Newark	0	0	37
Lovell at Wilkes-Barre	0	0	30

Two Runaway Buffalo Leads.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Buffalo	1	0	100
Chicago	0	1	93
Boston	0	1	86
New York	0	1	79
Pittsburgh	0	1	72
Cleveland	0	1	65
Philadelphia	0	1	58
St. Louis	0	1	51
San Francisco	0	1	44
Washington	0	1	37
Atlanta	0	1	30
Indianapolis	0	1	23
St. Paul	0	1	16
Portland	0	1	9
Buffalo	1	0	100

Wires and Poles Falling.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Buffalo	1	0	100
Chicago	0	1	93
Boston	0	1	86
New York	0	1	79
Pittsburgh	0	1	72
Cleveland	0	1	65
Philadelphia	0	1	58
St. Louis	0	1	51
San Francisco	0	1	44
Washington	0	1	37
Atlanta	0	1	30
Indianapolis	0	1	23
St. Paul	0	1	16
Portland	0	1	9
Buffalo	1	0	100

Little George's Mother's Body Recovered.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Buffalo	1	0	100
Chicago	0	1	93
Boston	0	1	86
New York	0	1	79
Pittsburgh	0	1	72
Cleveland	0	1	65
Philadelphia	0	1	58
St. Louis	0	1	51
San Francisco	0	1	44
Washington	0	1	37
Atlanta	0	1	30
Indianapolis	0	1	23
St. Paul	0	1	16
Portland	0	1	9
Buffalo	1	0	100

King Monmouth Wins the Teletester.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Buffalo	1	0	100
Chicago	0	1	93
Boston	0	1	86
New York	0	1	79
Pittsburgh	0	1	72
Cleveland	0	1	65
Philadelphia	0	1	58
St. Louis	0	1	51
San Francisco	0	1	44
Washington	0	1	37
Atlanta	0	1	30
Indianapolis	0	1	23
St. Paul	0	1	16
Portland	0	1	9
Buffalo	1	0	100

A \$50 Gold Watch for \$1.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Buffalo	1	0	100
Chicago	0	1	93
Boston	0	1	86
New York	0	1	79
Pittsburgh	0	1	72
Cleveland	0	1	65
Philadelphia	0	1	58
St. Louis	0	1	51
San Francisco	0	1	44
Washington	0	1	37
Atlanta	0	1	30
Indianapolis	0	1	23
St. Paul	0	1	16
Portland	0	1	9
Buffalo	1	0	100

The Blood is Enriched.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Buffalo	1	0	100
Chicago	0	1	93
Boston	0	1	86
New York	0	1	79
Pittsburgh	0	1	72
Cleveland	0	1	65
Philadelphia	0	1	58
St. Louis	0	1	51
San Francisco	0	1	44
Washington	0	1	37
Atlanta	0	1	30
Indianapolis	0	1	23
St. Paul	0	1	16
Portland	0	1	9
Buffalo	1	0	100

## NOT A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

Strangers Provide a Last Home for the Unfortunate Kitty Doane.

A Beautiful Young Woman Fornishes Several Charitable Visitors.

The Dead Girl Buried in a Lovely Spot in Evergreen Cemetery.

"Arthur's Valentine," who is known to New York people only as Kitty Doane, was laid away to-day.

Poor thing! Her inhuman form has been gazed upon by a hundred pairs of eyes during the past four days, as it lay—cold in the death which she had sought—in a pine ice-casket at Daly's undertaking rooms, just opposite the Morgue in Twenty-sixth street.

Anxious fathers and troubled mothers came and looked, and, sighing half in sorrow for a wandering child and half in relief to find her not in this coffin, went away.

Young men and young women came, but no one recognized the dead one lying there.

Mr. Daly, with the \$10.25 which Kitty Doane left behind her when she sought death last Saturday by carbolic acid, in the little room which she had kept so tidily for a week at Mrs. Charles Morris's, 153 Third avenue, had preserved the body with ice, lolling, with a kindly heart, that it would be recognized, would have performed the last rite, and the young woman would have been buried an unknown pauper in Potter's Field.

But yesterday afternoon a steady and beautiful young lady, with her chaparrone, entering a Pennsylvania road train for Long Branch purchased a copy of the Evening World, and scanned its columns.

Suddenly she arose and, with a hurried remark that she would not go down to Long Branch till a later train, she alighted from the train just as it got in motion.

An hour later she entered the undertaking rooms in Twenty-sixth street and asked to see the face of Kitty Doane. She was calm, and viewed the remains with the eye of one schooled to scenes of sadness.

She asked and found that the story of the poor unfortunate who had rushed to her death, was exactly as related in THE EVENING WORLD.

"Has any one claimed the body?" "No one has."

"How much would it cost for a decent, plain coffin, a white lawn shroud, a plate and a decent interment in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery?"

"It would cost about \$40," kind-hearted Undertaker Daly said.

Then the young lady opened her purse, counted out that sum on Mr. Daly's desk, and laid beside it a card, with the remark, "If you desire to communicate with me, address—"

Then she hurried away, leaving an aroma of new-mown hay in the little office.

The card bore the inscription "Miss May Kendall, 262 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, New York."

To-day the body of Kitty Doane was placed in a coffin of imitation black walnut, on which was a plate bearing this inscription:

MISS KIDNEY DOANE  
DIED JULY 15, 1889.  
AGED 25 YEARS.

It will be laid in a grave in Pathside, Evergreen cemetery, last evening two young girls visited Mr. Daly's office and offered to defray the expenses of Kitty Doane's funeral. One of them, a Miss May Kendall, advised her friend to write her name and address on the card which she had placed on the coffin.

The young women were much disappointed when they found that the card was not there, and in this work of true charity, for neither of them had ever seen the dead girl in life.

To-day a middle-aged lady visited the undertaking rooms in behalf of Miss Kendall. She declined to give any information about the young lady, and was troubled because the reporter already knew her name.

She is engaged to be married to a young man, and she is a very kind and sympathetic heart was touched. She does not desire notoriety. She is now at the West End, Long Branch.

**WHY DID SHE TAKE POISON?**  
Mrs. Henrietta Smith's Attempt to Kill Herself With Carbolic Acid.

Mrs. Henrietta Smith, of No. 93 Suffolk street, who was taken to the Gouverneur Hospital after swallowing a large quantity of carbolic acid, was better this morning, and has a chance to recover.

She and her husband, who is a house painter, lived happily together in pleasant surroundings, and they have now ten years old. Yesterday morning she had been in a bad mood, and before he went to work.

## GERRY UNDER FIRE.

Bourke Cockran Tests His Electric Knowledge.

But the Commodore Gets in Some Shots Himself.

Reasons for the Preference of Execution by Electricity.

Bourke Cockran couched his doughty lance this morning against the arch-instrument in the electric death legislation, Elbridge T. Gerry.

That marine gentleman was on hand at 10 o'clock, and, depositing his shiny black yachting cap on the top of a desk, proceeded to satisfy Mr. Cockran's desire of fathoming his ignorance on the subject of electricity.

Mr. Cockran was evidently bent on showing that this law had been framed and passed with an appalling want of knowledge of the force and effects of the electric current.

"Mr. Gerry enumerated the different works which had been consulted by the Commission in its investigations of electricity as a death-dealer."

The substance of what was gathered in these works was crystallized in the report made by the Commission.

"You were interested in finding the most humane method of removing criminals, were you not?" asked Mr. Cockran.

"Precisely."

"The point I want to bring out especially, is that death was accomplished by destroying some essential organ," said Mr. Cockran.

"One, or all," corrected Mr. Gerry.

"I understand you concluded that you couldn't improve on the old-fashioned rope."

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## WAS HE MURDERED?

Queer Circumstances About the Saw-Filer's Death.

What Has Become of the Money that He Had Hoarded?

No One Seems to Know if He Had Any Relatives in These Parts.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
NEWARK, N. J., July 18.—Opinion this morning is that E. P. Wilkinson, the old saw-filer who was found dead in his house, host on the Passaic River, near Brown's shanty here, yesterday, was foully murdered, although County Physician Hewitt appeared to think yesterday that the old man had died of natural causes.

Wilkinson was a mysterious old character. He was about fifty years old and is supposed to have been a bachelor.

Two years ago he built a scow 22 feet long and 10 feet wide, and took up his habitation therein. Over the door of this rude craft he painted the words "Home, Sweet Home."

He built a flagstaff on the scow from which he flew a blue pennant and kept it hoisted whenever he was at home. He picked up a precarious sort of a living filing saws and doing odd jobs at carpentering.

Tacked up in the cabin of his boat was a card which read:

"R. P. Wilkinson, Saw Filer. Do not give any one a better than ten, and will also give a dollar to any one who can do so."

Wilkinson said that from place to place seeking business. He moved near Brown's shanty Saturday last, and was doing a good trade.

A butcher with some carving knives and meat axes to sharpen stepped on the boat early yesterday morning. He called aloud for Wilkinson, but received no response.

He gazed aloft and saw the little blue flag waving in the breeze, so he knew the old saw-filer was aboard.

Thinking he was asleep he entered the narrow cabin. The interior was dim, but he could make out the form of Wilkinson on the bed.

"Come, wake up, man," he said, as he stepped to his side, and stooping down shook him by the shoulder. He had felt something moist on the old man's breast, and going quickly to the small window, he looked and saw his hand smeared with blood.

He rushed out and called the police, who summoned County Physician Hewitt. Together they made an investigation.

At first no signs of violence were found on the body, but it was loaded with blood, as well as the cabin and articles of furniture and bedding in it.

After Mr. Hewitt went away, it is said that several deep cuts were found in the dead man's head and body.

He was rather miserly in his habits also, and was known to have a large sum of money always by him.

The closest search failed to find a cent, though, and it is said that the police are now ready to believe that he was murdered.

They have taken charge of his boat and its contents and are working earnestly to clear up the mystery of his death. Nobody in Newark seemed to know to-day if the dead man had any relatives or not, and he will probably find a pauper's grave.

**THESE ITINERANT BANDS.**  
President Gleasonmann of the Musical Union, Protest Against Them.

Complaints against the itinerant bands continue to pour into the Mayor's office. Another one was received this morning. It was from Henry Gleasonmann, President of the Musical Mutual Protective Union, who asked that the bands be suppressed because they came here to the detriment of the laboring man, and that they are a nuisance and a disgrace to the musical profession and interfere with the legitimate business of the city.

It is likely that when the Board of Aldermen meet again the Mayor will ask for the adoption of an ordinance suppressing these bands, or at least placing them under some stringent regulations as to make them less a nuisance than they are at present.

**DAZED IN THE EIGHTEENTH.**  
Jack Lynch Loses a Fight to Joe Powers in "Frisco."

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—Joe Powers won an eighteen-round fight from Jack Lynch, before the Golden Gate Athletic Club, last night. The fight was for \$800 and both men belong to the same class.

Lynch was dazed by a blow in the last round.

**Accused Police Captains Rerun Counsel.**  
Police Captain McLaughlin and Carpenter, whom Mr. D. J. Whitely accuses of working at the murder of the man body, were simply an opinion, not the conviction based on demonstrated fact.

**Found Dead in His Cell.**  
John Hertz, of 41 Delaware street, was found dead in his cell in Raymond Street Jail this morning. Cause of death unknown. He was serving a short sentence for drunkenness.

**Cut His Throat in a Barber Shop.**  
Bernard Matan, fifty-seven years old, of 480 Grand street, cut his throat in the barber shop, 474 Grand street, about noon to-day, and died instantly.

## EXTRA ADRIAT AT SEA.

Peter Campbell's Air-Ship Seen by a Pilot.

He Sailed After It, but the Balloon Collapsed Before He Reached It.